MARVEL
1
MOON KNIGHT
MacKAY
CAPPUCCIO
ROSENBERG
HIS MISSION...IS
JUSTICE!
MCNIVEN
fgd

WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. MY NAME IS MR. KNIGHT.
HOW CAN I HELP?

Mercenary **Marc Spector** died and was reborn in the shadow of **Khonshu**, the Egyptian god of the moon. Spector became **Moon Knight**, the Fist of Khonshu, to fight evil. Through his Midnight Mission, he is the defender of all those who travel at night.

MOON KNIGHT

"THE MISSION"

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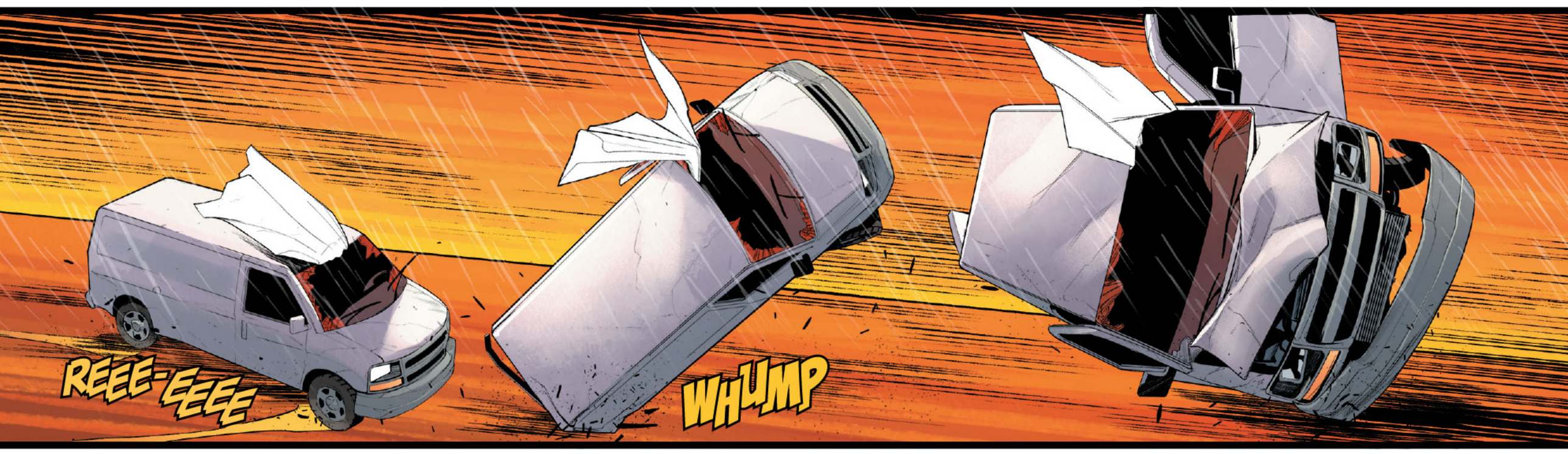
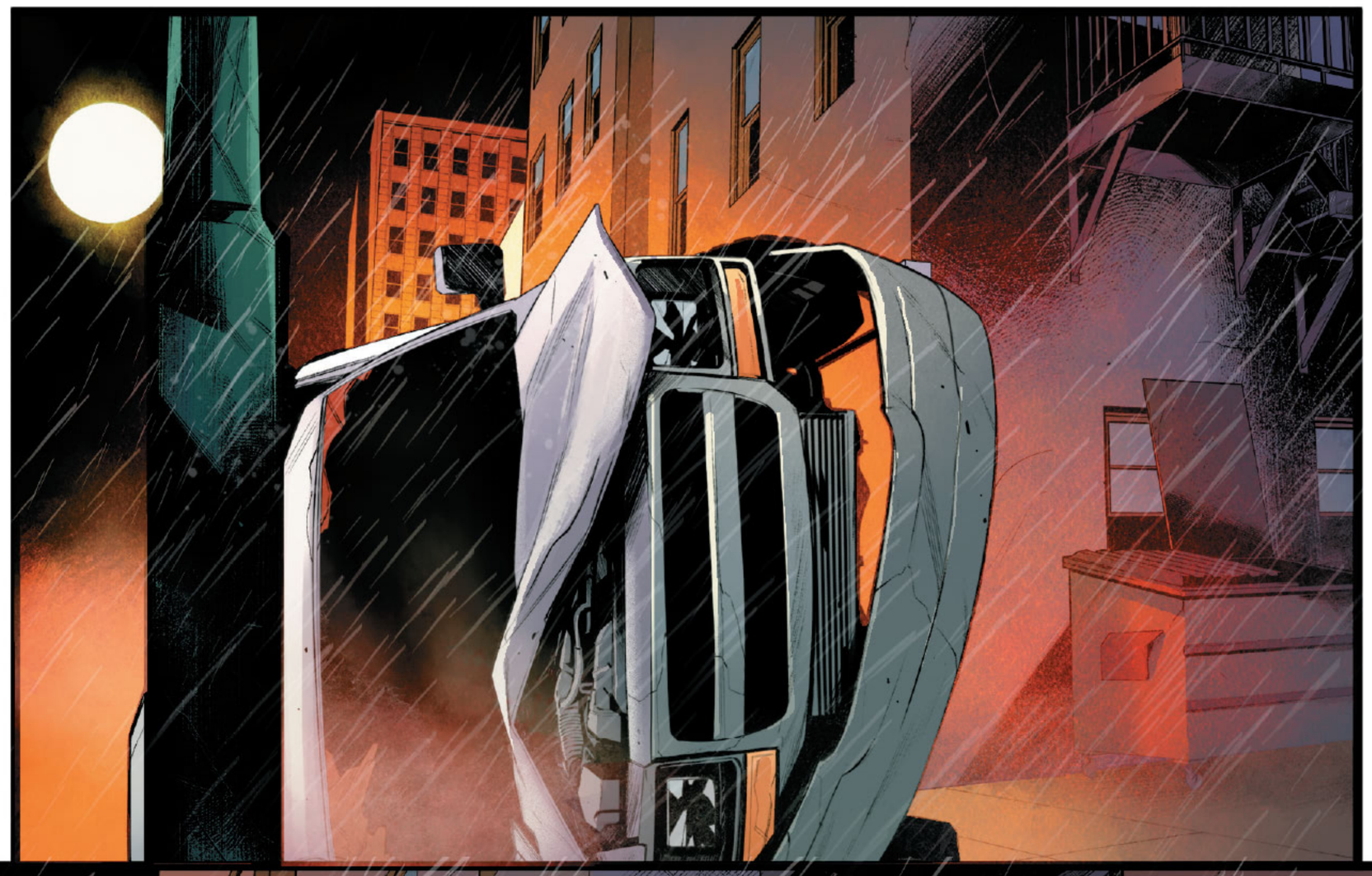
UH.
LOOK, THIS IS ALL REAL WEIRD. BUT PEOPLE SAY THAT WHEN SOMETHING WEIRD IS GOING ON, YOU'RE THE GUY TO, UH, TALK TO.
SO, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN GOING MISSING ON MY BLOCK...
SCREEEEECH
"I'LL LOOK INTO IT."
OKAY, BABY VAMPIRES! HERE WE GO!
IT'S TIME! YOU REMEMBER HOW WE BROUGHT YOU SUB-ORDS INTO THE STRUCTURE? NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
IT'S A BIG MOMENT FOR YOU GUYS. I'M REALLY EXCITED FOR YOU.
ONCE YOU PULL IN A NEW RECRUIT AND TURN THEM, THEY'LL BE YOUR SUB-ORDS! AND THEN YOU'LL REACH OMICRON LEVEL!
WE JUST WANT TO GO HOME--
WE BELIEVE IN YOU GUYS!
REMEMBER WHAT THE TUTOR SAYS: IT'S YOUR MOMENT IF YOU CAN SEIZE IT!
HEY, WHAT'S THA--?

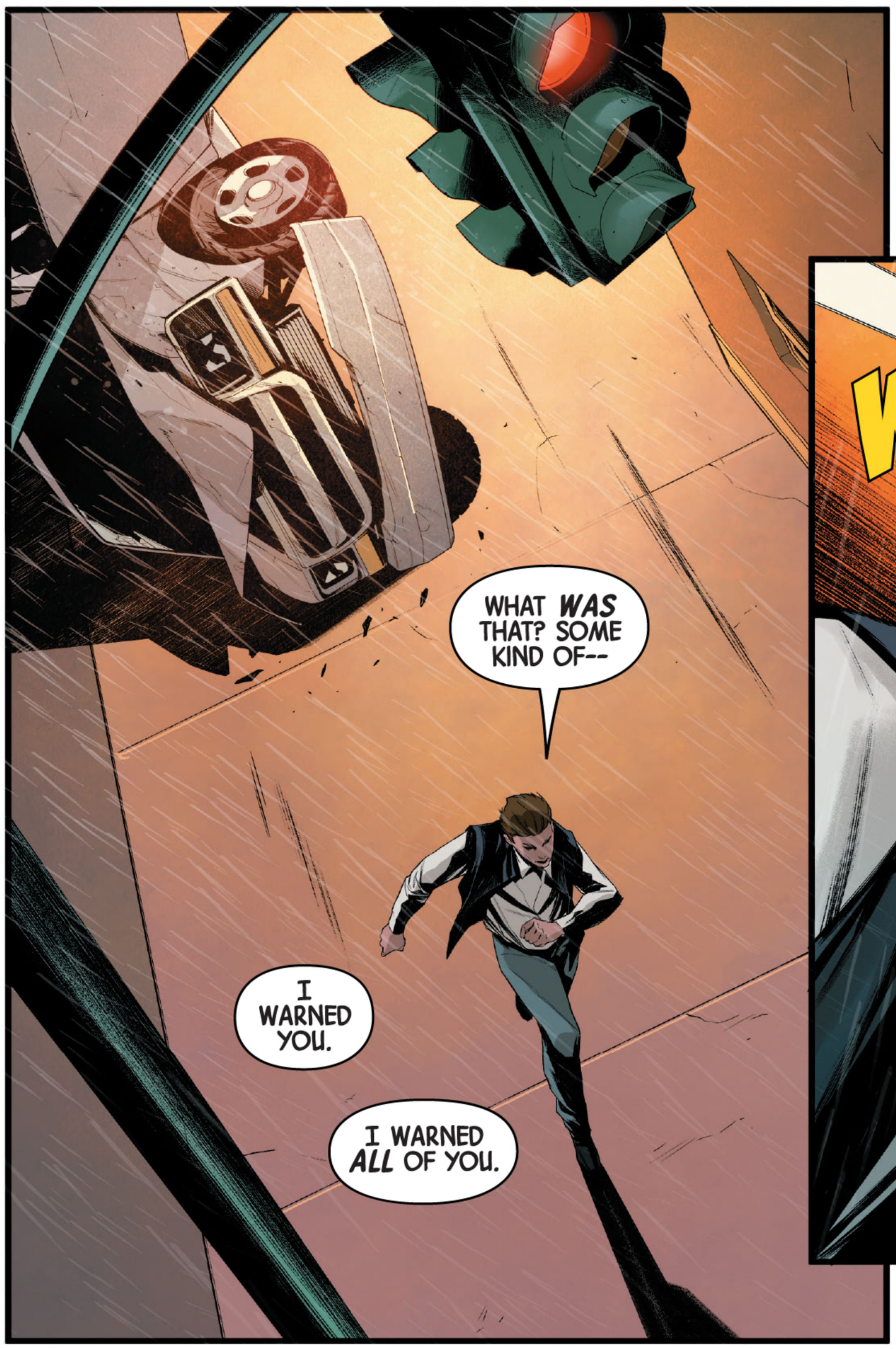
BREAKSTRIKE
NICE NIGHT.


REEE-EEEE
WHUMP

SCREEECHH



OH NO.
OH NO.


WHAT WAS THAT? SOME KIND OF--
I WARNED YOU.
I WARNED ALL OF YOU.

WHUOO
AAAHH!
I PAINT MY SYMBOL ON THE WALLS FOR TWO REASONS.
THE FIRST IS SO PEOPLE KNOW THAT THEY'RE SAFE. MY PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE TRAVELING AT NIGHT.

THE SECOND?
A WARNING.

THIS IS MY TERRITORY.
THIS IS MY CONGREGATION.
THIS IS MY MISSION.
I'M THE MOONKNIGHT.
MY WARNINGS WERE THERE.
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU IGNORE THEM.

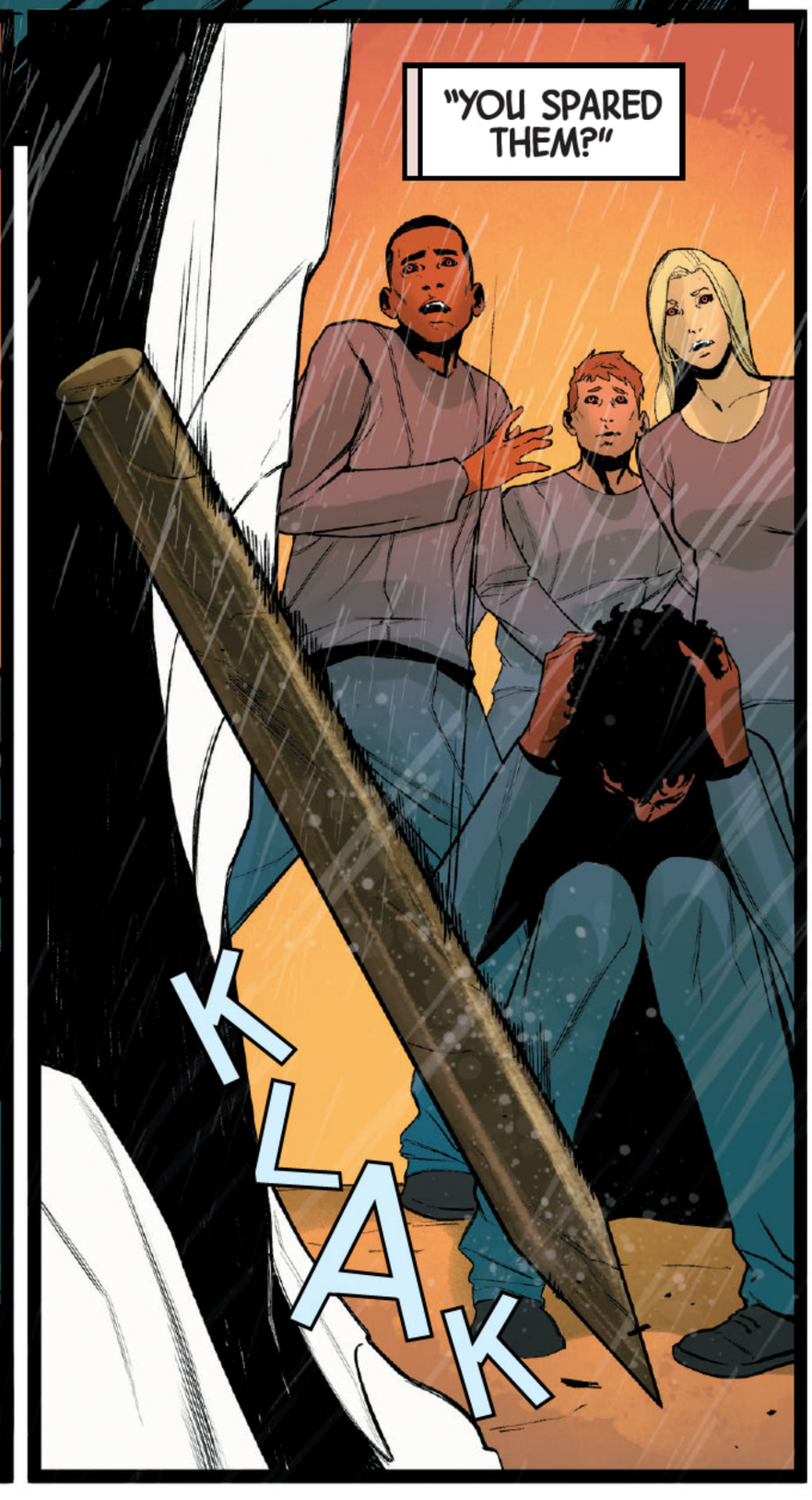
COME ON, WE NEED TO BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY GET BACK--

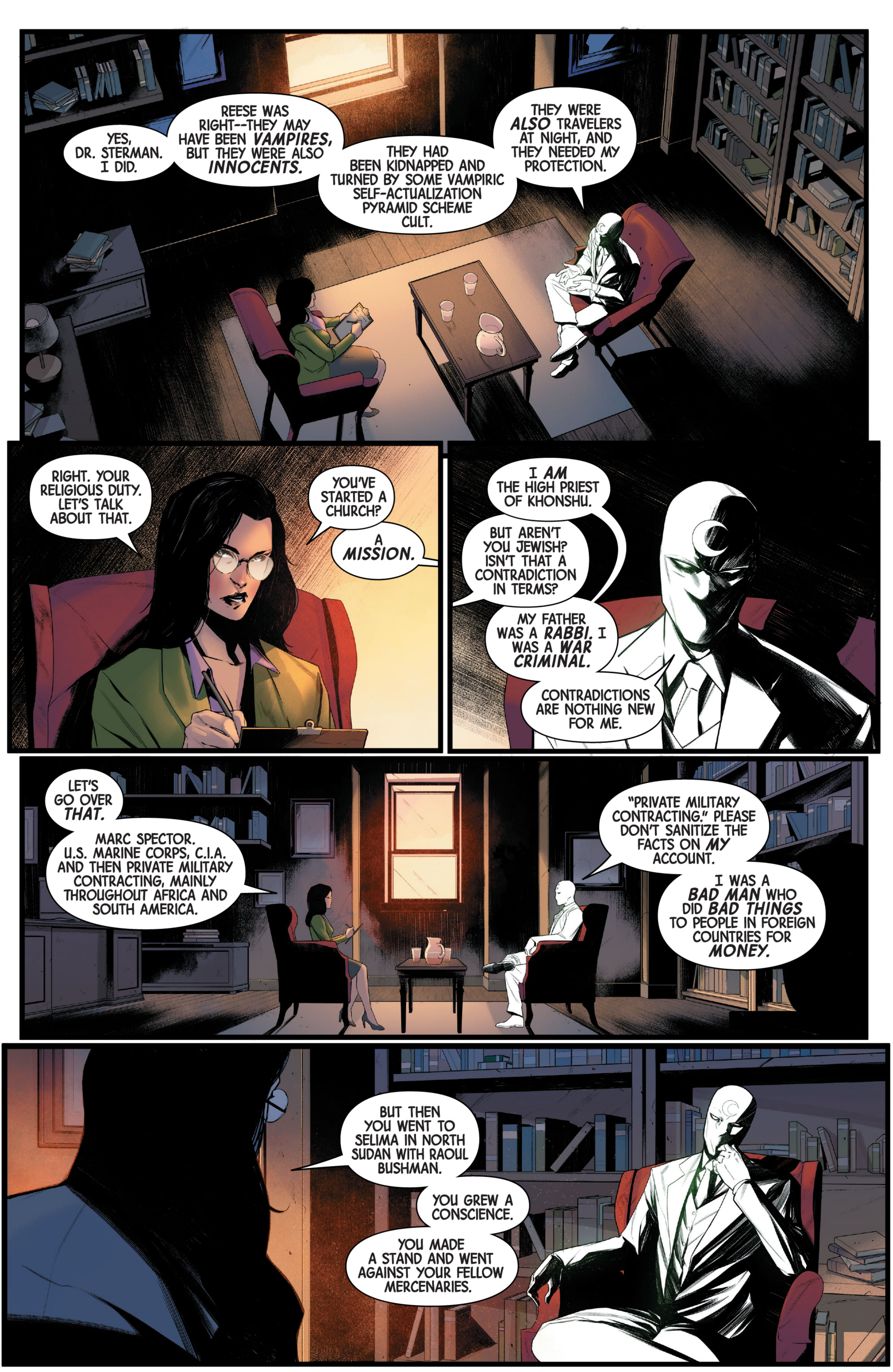
YOU-- YOU KILLED THEM?
OH, THANK YOU--

NO, WAIT--
WE WEREN'T WITH THEM-- THEY KIDNAPPED US! WE'RE FROM THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

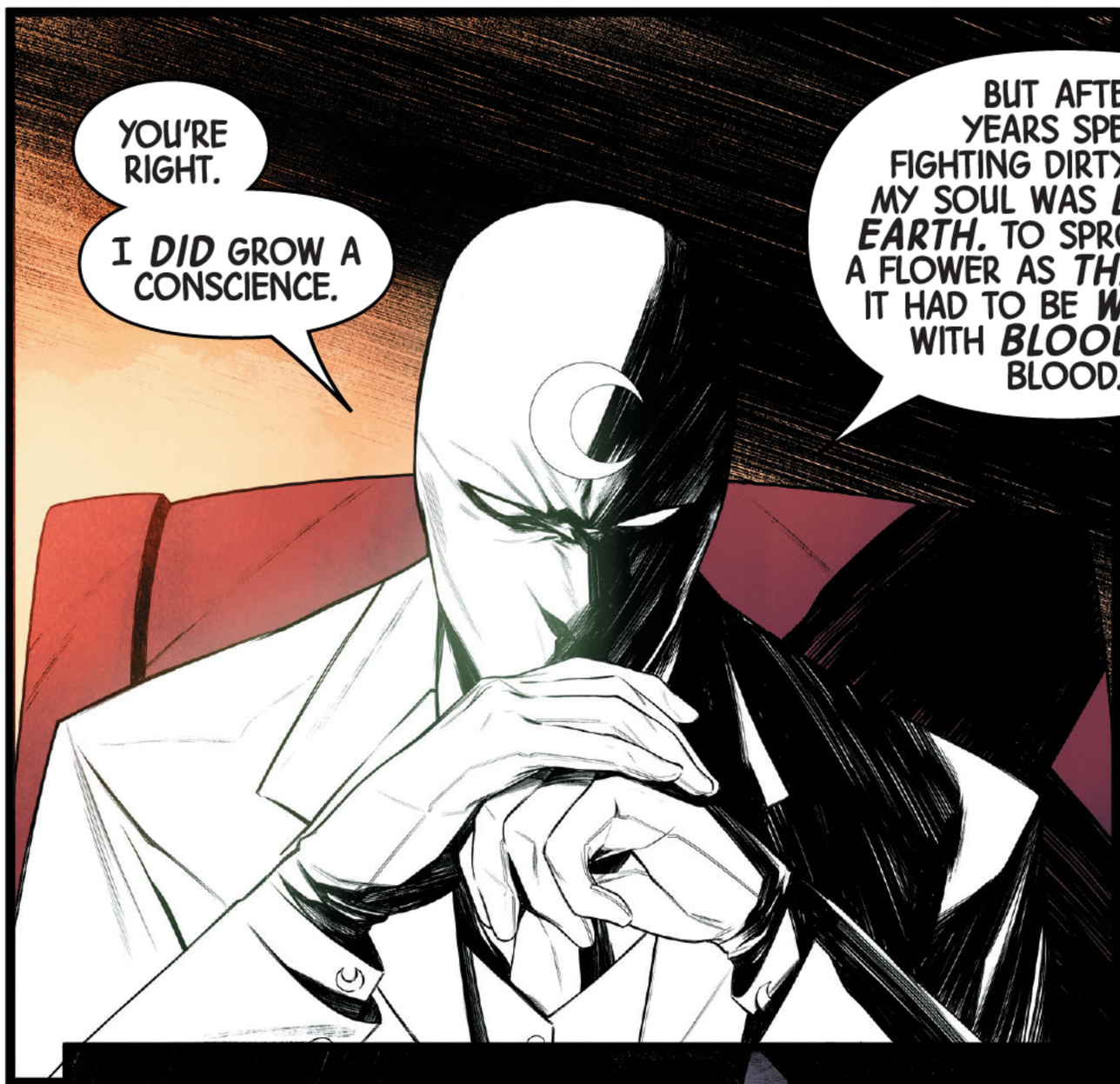
THEY TURNED US. THEY MADE US LIKE THEM--
BUT WE'RE NOT LIKE THEM--

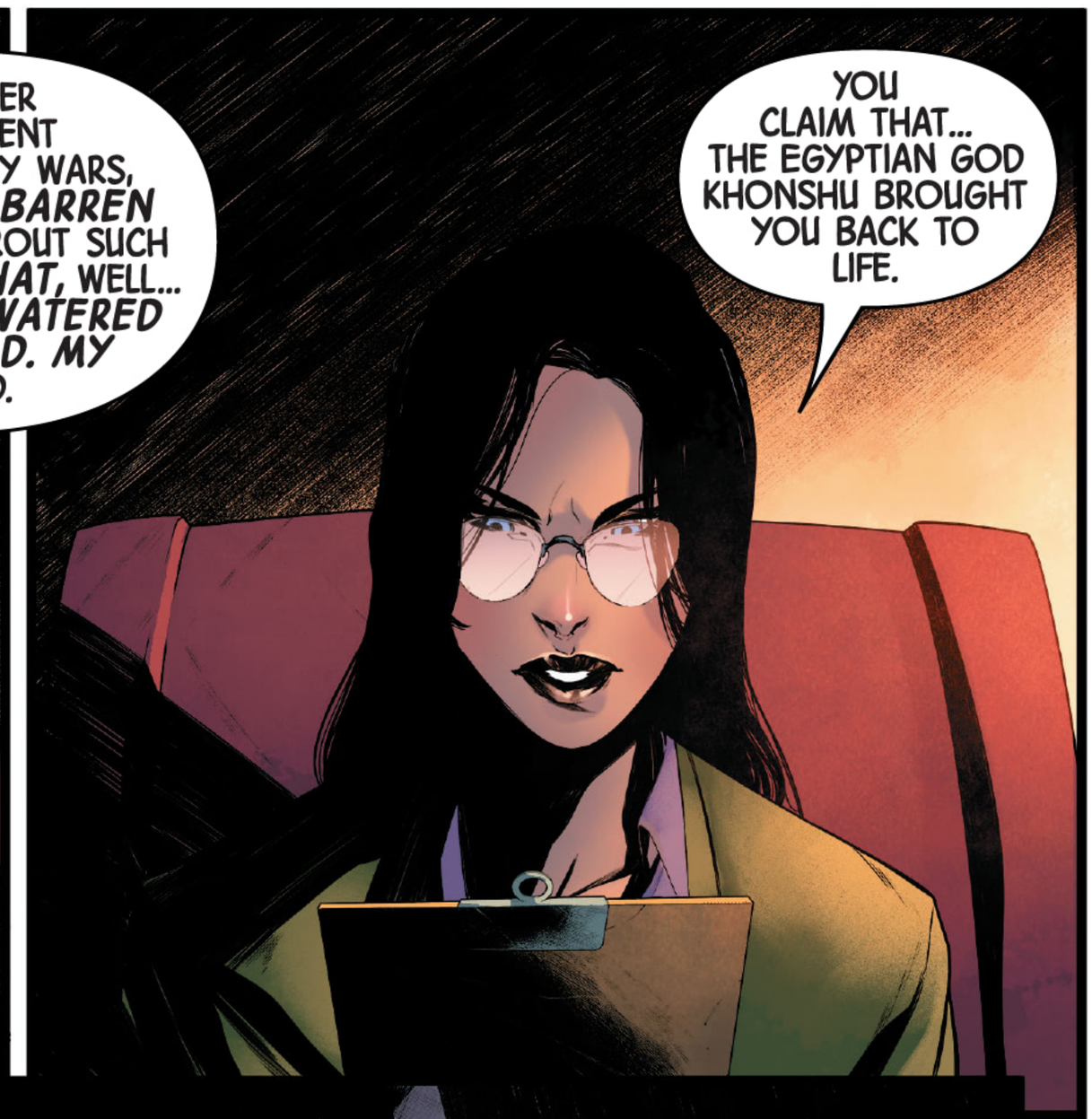
WE'RE NOT KILLERS!
WE DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS!
I WAS A VEGAN BEFORE, FOR GOD'S SAKE!


"YOU SPARED THEM?"
KLAK


YES, DR. STERMAN. I DID.
REESE WAS RIGHT--THEY MAY HAVE BEEN VAMPIRES, BUT THEY WERE ALSO INNOCENTS.
THEY HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED AND TURNED BY SOME VAMPIRIC SELF-ACTUALIZATION PYRAMID SCHEME CULT.
THEY WERE ALSO TRAVELERS AT NIGHT, AND THEY NEEDED MY PROTECTION.
RIGHT. YOUR RELIGIOUS DUTY. LET'S TALK ABOUT THAT.
YOU'VE STARTED A CHURCH?
A MISSION.
I AM THE HIGH PRIEST OF KHONSHU.
BUT AREN'T YOU JEWISH? ISN'T THAT A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS?
MY FATHER WAS A RABBI. I WAS A WAR CRIMINAL.
CONTRADICTIONS ARE NOTHING NEW FOR ME.
LET'S GO OVER THAT.
MARC SPECTOR. U.S. MARINE CORPS, C.I.A. AND THEN PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTING, MAINLY THROUGHOUT AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA.
"PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTING." PLEASE DON'T SANITIZE THE FACTS ON MY ACCOUNT.
I WAS A BAD MAN WHO DID BAD THINGS TO PEOPLE IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES FOR MONEY.
BUT THEN YOU WENT TO SELIMA IN NORTH SUDAN WITH RAOUL BUSHMAN.
YOU GREW A CONSCIENCE.
YOU MADE A STAND AND WENT AGAINST YOUR FELLOW MERCENARIES.

"YOU DIED."


YOU'RE RIGHT.
I DID GROW A CONSCIENCE.
BUT AFTER YEARS SPENT FIGHTING DIRTY WARS, MY SOUL WAS BARREN EARTH. TO SPROUT SUCH A FLOWER AS THAT, WELL... IT HAD TO BE WATERED WITH BLOOD. MY BLOOD.


YOU CLAIM THAT... THE EGYPTIAN GOD KHONSHU BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE.

CORRECT.
I WAS GIVEN MY LIFE BACK IN RETURN FOR BECOMING THE FIST OF KHONSHU.
TO BECOME THE TRAVELER, THE EMBRACER, THE PATHFINDER.
THE DEFENDER OF THOSE WHO TRAVEL AT NIGHT.

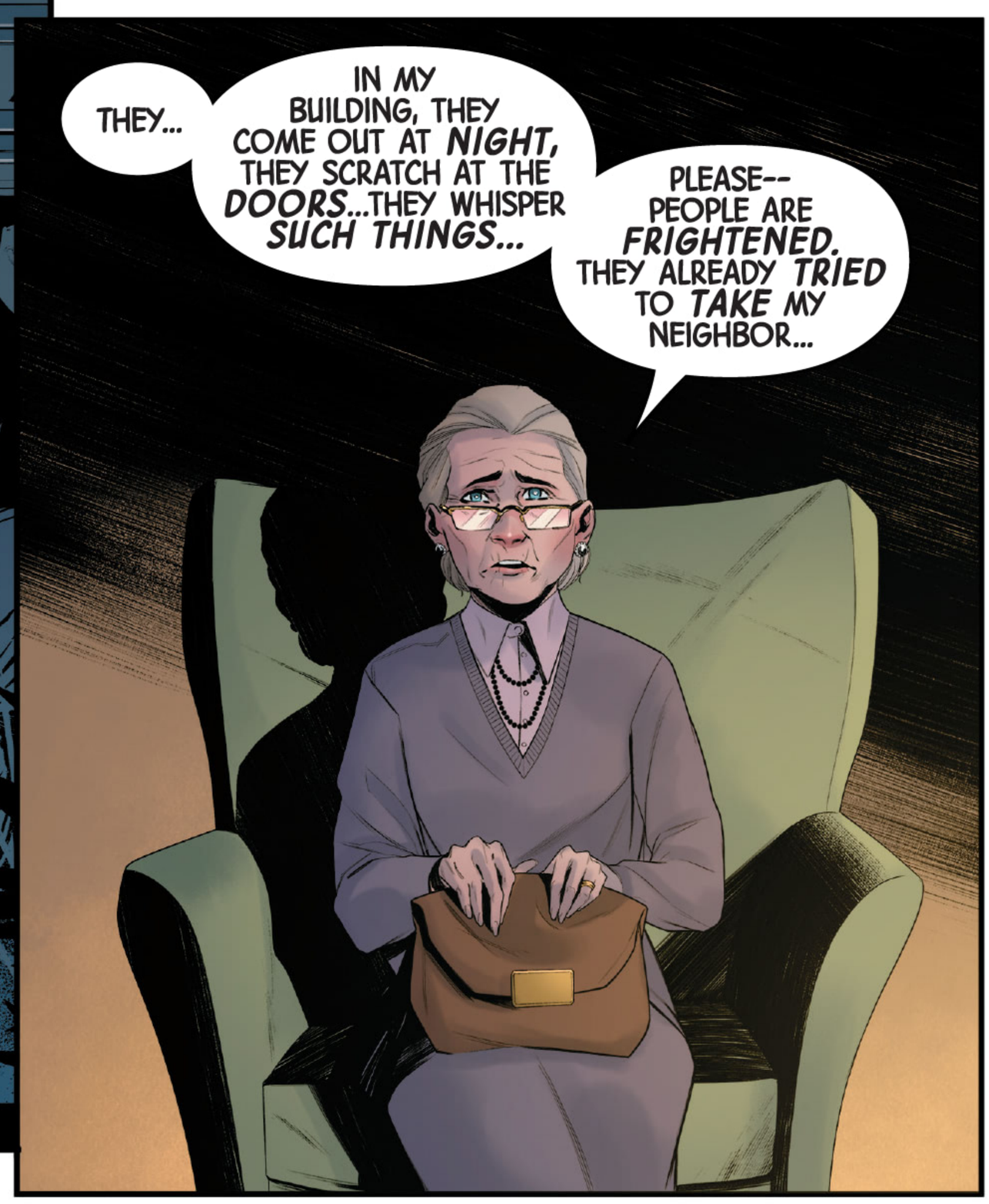
NOW, THIS IS NORMALLY WHERE A MENTAL HEALTH PROFESSIONAL MIGHT BE SKEPTICAL.
BUT I AGREED TO BE YOUR THERAPIST AT THE REQUEST OF THE AVENGERS, SO I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR SITUATION IS UNIQUE.
YOU DIED AT LEAST TWICE MORE?

ONCE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EAST RIVER.
ANOTHER WHEN THE SHADOWKEEP-- MY HEADQUARTERS-- WAS BLOWN UP AROUND ME.
MARC, MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
PLEASE.
CAN YOU DIE?

"I DON'T KNOW."

Reception

WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. MY NAME IS MR. KNIGHT.
HOW CAN I HELP?


THEY...
IN MY BUILDING, THEY COME OUT AT *NIGHT*, THEY SCRATCH AT THE *DOORS*...THEY WHISPER *SUCH THINGS*...
PLEASE-- PEOPLE ARE *FRIGHTENED*. THEY ALREADY *TRIED* TO *TAKE* MY NEIGHBOR...

"PLEASE DON'T WORRY.
"I'LL HANDLE IT."
→HISSSSS!←
RAAAGH!
CLOSE THE DOOR AND LOCK IT!

AAIIEEE!!!
KRASHH

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

"VERMIN." ONE OF *SPIDER-MAN'S* FOES. SOME MAD-SCIENCE GUINEA PIG. USED TO BE A MAN.

HATES BEING ALONE.

NOW YOU CAN CLONE YOURSELF.

GOOD TRICK. MEANS YOU'RE *NEVER* ALONE.

→HISSSS...←

UNLESS I KILL *ALL OF YOU RIGHT NOW.*

AND I CAN.

AND I *WILL.*

I'M NOT SPIDER-MAN.

I'M MOON KNIGHT.

AND I DON'T DIE.

I UNDERSTAND HOW LOSING YOUR PEOPLE HURTS YOU.
BUT THESE ARE MY PEOPLE YOU'RE TRYING TO EAT.
YOU TRIED TO TAKE ONE OF MINE. I TOOK ONE OF YOURS.
YOU CAN LEAVE IT AT THAT, SCURRY OFF AND KEEP CLEAR OF MY TERRITORY--
--OR YOU CAN TEST ME FURTHER.

"YOUR CHOICE."

THE FAMOUS MIDNIGHT MISSION.

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT.

YOU KNOW, I RATHER DO.

LET'S TALK ABOUT KHONSHU.

AH. KHONSHU.

YOUR GOD. WHO BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM THE DEAD, AND WHOSE DUTY YOU PERFORM EVERY NIGHT.

LET ME CUT RIGHT TO IT.

I *KNOW* KHONSHU IS UNWORTHY OF MY WORSHIP OR ANYONE'S. I *KNOW* HE TRIED TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD.* I *KNOW* HE DESERVES TO BE IMPRISONED WHEREVER THE AESIR ARE KEEPING HIM, OFF IN ASGARD.

BUT UNWORTHY OR NOT, *I AM HIS FIST.*

*IN *AVENGERS #33-37.* --TOM

I AM THE *HIGH PRIEST* OF A GOD I AM *ESTRANGED* FROM.

I HAVE TAKEN ON *HIS* DUTY AS *MY OWN.*

KHONSHU BROUGHT ME BACK TO LIFE. HIS DUTY IS MY DEBT. AND NOW HIS DUTY IS *MY* DUTY.

A *PRIEST* AT ODDS WITH HIS *GOD.*

WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU, THEN? APOSTATE? SCHISMATIC?

HERETIC?

TAKE YOUR CHOICE, I SUPPOSE.

REESE, COULD WE HAVE SOME COFFEE, PLEASE?

GET IT YOURSELF.

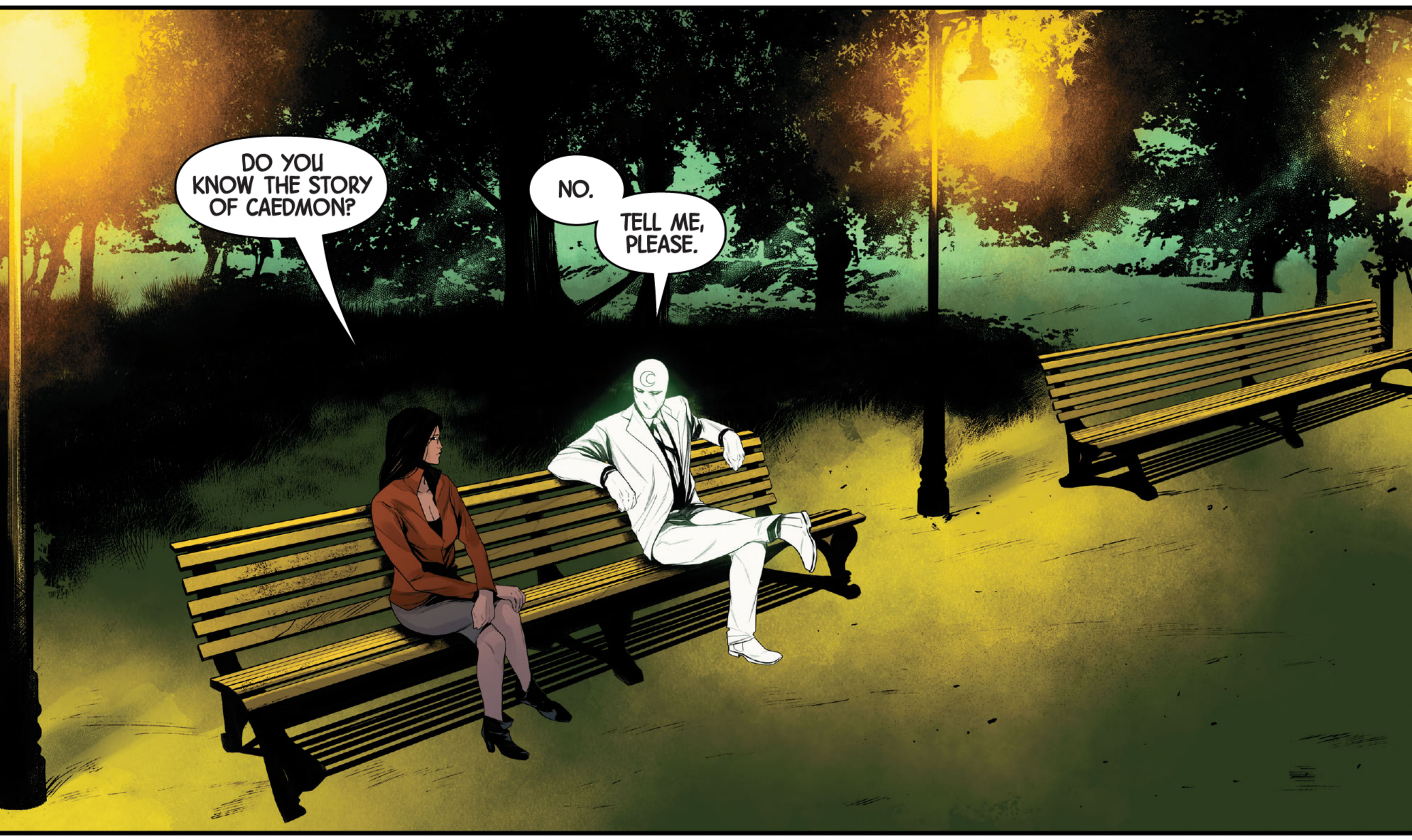
COWL-MIC CHECK, REESE.
LOUD AND CLEAR.
YOU AT THE CLINIC YET?
ALMOST.
THEY SAID A SUPER VILLAIN WAS ATTACKING IT?
THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID.

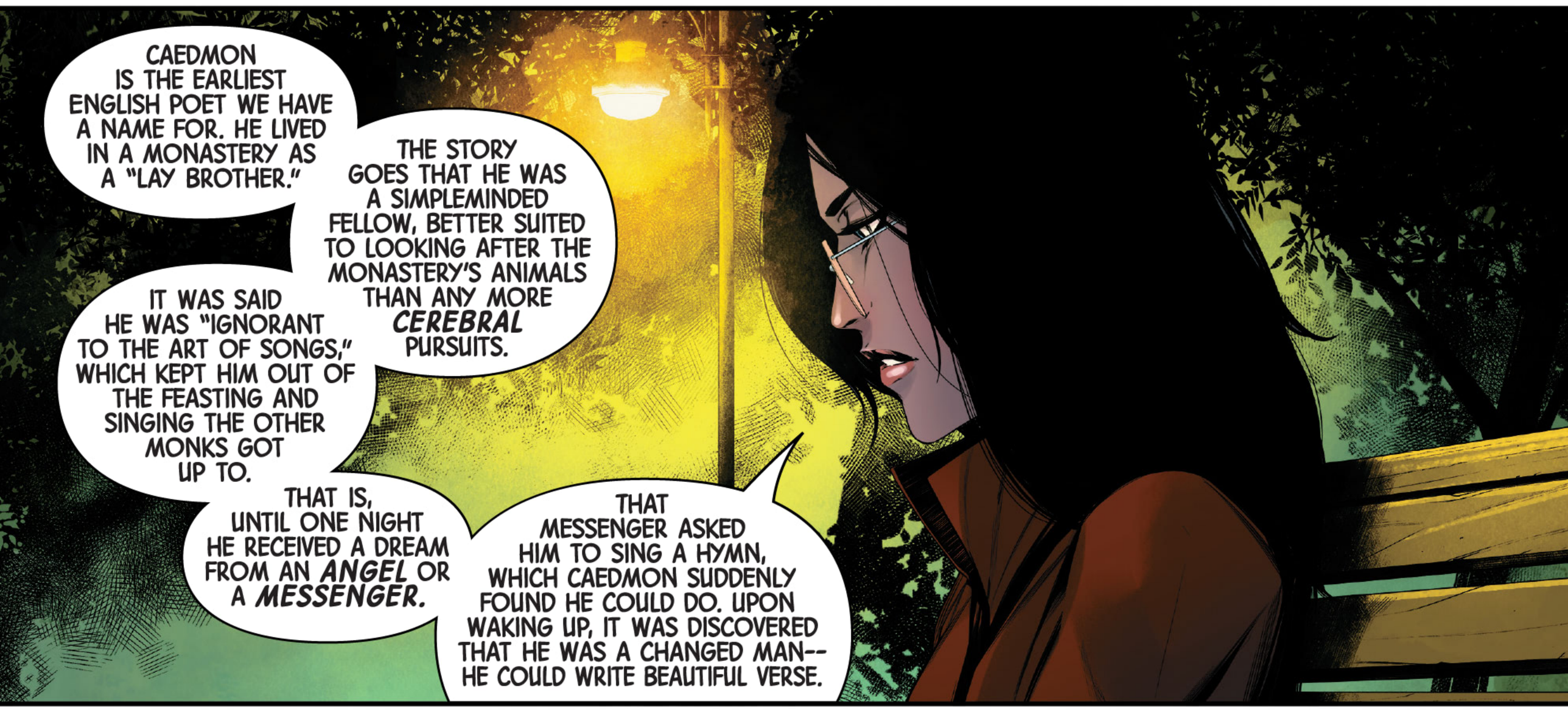
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S DOING A GREAT JOB OF IT.
WHUDD
WHUDD
WHUDD
AAAAGGHHHH!

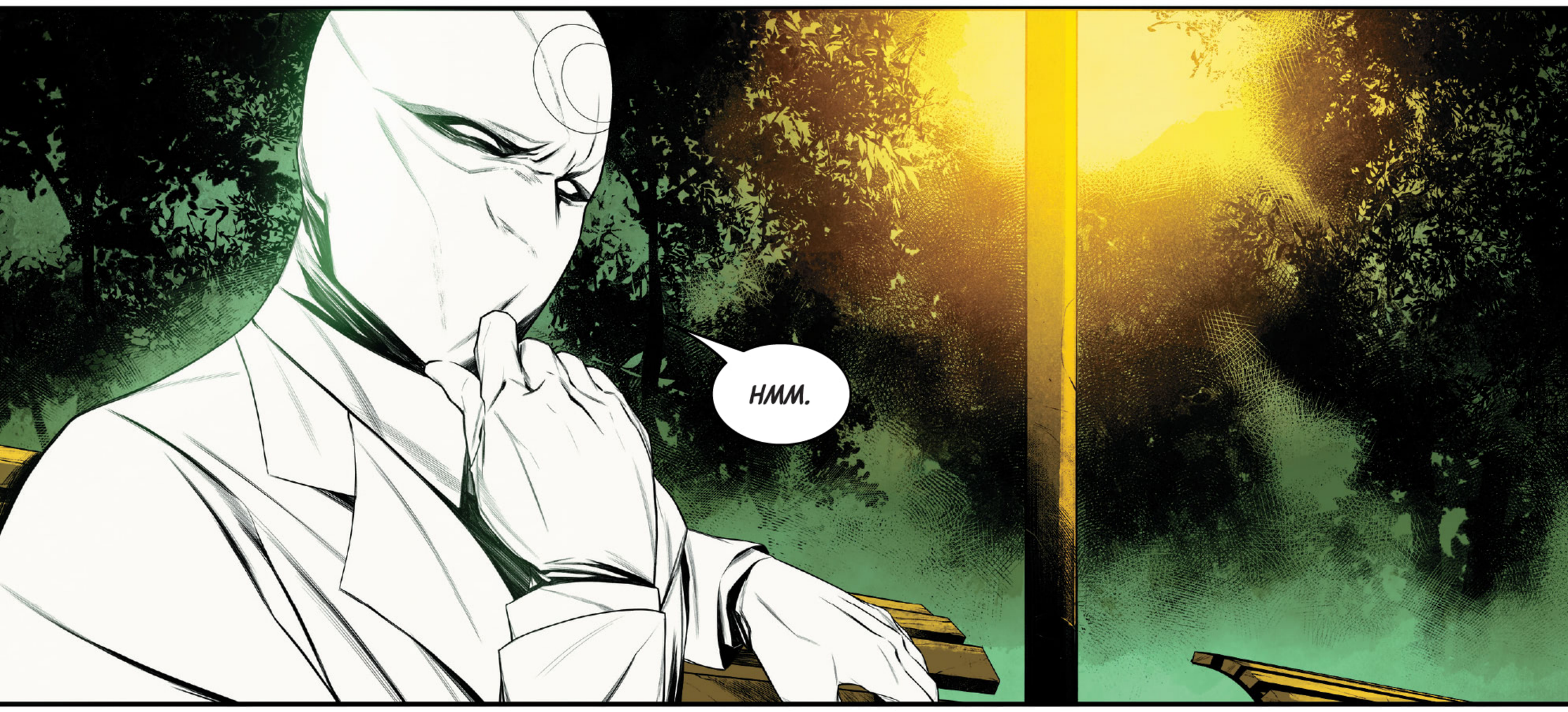
NO, PLEASE. DON'T STOP ON MY ACCOUNT.
8-BALL. FINALLY PICKED ON THE WRONG CIVILIAN, HUH?
OH CRUD, MOON KNIGHT?! LISTEN, MAN, DON'T CUT MY FACE OFF. I'LL SURRENDER--
AH. "MOON KNIGHT."
THIS ONE ATTACKED MY CLINIC IN SEARCH OF OXYCONTIN.

I LIKE YOUR STYLE, MR....?
DOCTOR.
DR. BADR. I'VE JUST TAKEN OVER THE FREE CLINIC HERE.
I HAD WONDERED WHEN I MIGHT MEET YOU.

THAT'S THE KIND OF THING PEOPLE SAY RIGHT BEFORE THEY TAKE A SWING AT ME.
DO WE HAVE BEEF THAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT?
YOU'RE A *FIST OF KHONSHU*, MR. SPECTOR.
YOU HAVE A SACRED DUTY.
THE FIST OF KHONSHU. AND I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING YOU AT THE *CHURCH SOCIAL.*
CONSIDER ME RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM THE *HOME OFFICE.*
AND *DISAPPOINTED* WITH WHAT I SEE. OUR GOD LANGUISHES IN THE CUSTODY OF FOREIGN DEITIES, AND *WHAT* IS HIS FIST DOING?
ALLOWING *VAMPIRES* TO *EXIST* IN TERRITORY CONSECRATED TO THE DUTY OF KHONSHU. ABSURD. *BLASPHEMOUS.*
WHAT *ARE* YOU?
MOON WIZARD? WEREWOLF? YOU DON'T *LOOK* LIKE A MUMMY.
WHICHEVER OF KHONSHU'S CRONIES YOU ARE, DON'T FORGET WHO YOU'RE *TALKING TO.*
I'M THE *FIST OF KHONSHU.* HIGH PRIEST TO THE MOON GOD. I *OUTRANK* YOU.
SO...
WE'VE LANDED ON *NOT* CUTTING MY FACE OFF? GOOD CHOICE, GUYS. *LOVE* IT--
AS I SAID BEFORE, I AM A SIMPLE DOCTOR.
BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU, MR. SPECTOR...
...THERE IS BUT *ONE* WHO OUTRANKS ME IN THE CULT OF KHONSHU.
AND YOU ARE NOT *HIM.*


DO YOU KNOW THE STORY OF CAEDMON?
NO.
TELL ME, PLEASE.


CAEDMON IS THE EARLIEST ENGLISH POET WE HAVE A NAME FOR. HE LIVED IN A MONASTERY AS A "LAY BROTHER."
THE STORY GOES THAT HE WAS A SIMPLEMINDED FELLOW, BETTER SUITED TO LOOKING AFTER THE MONASTERY'S ANIMALS THAN ANY MORE *CEREBRAL* PURSUITS.
IT WAS SAID HE WAS "IGNORANT TO THE ART OF SONGS," WHICH KEPT HIM OUT OF THE FEASTING AND SINGING THE OTHER MONKS GOT UP TO.
THAT IS, UNTIL ONE NIGHT HE RECEIVED A DREAM FROM AN *ANGEL* OR A *MESSENGER.*
THAT MESSENGER ASKED HIM TO SING A HYMN, WHICH CAEDMON SUDDENLY FOUND HE COULD DO. UPON WAKING UP, IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS A CHANGED MAN-- HE COULD WRITE BEAUTIFUL VERSE.


HMM.

THIS ISN'T ABOUT MY DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY DISORDER.
THIS IS ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.
YOUR D.I.D., WE CAN TREAT.
BUT YOU'VE BEEN IN BRAIN-TO-BRAIN CONTACT WITH A GOD, MARC-- HOWEVER WE DEFINE "GOD."
M.R.I. AND M.E.G. SCANS SHOW THAT YOUR BRAIN STRUCTURE HAS BEEN FUNDAMENTALLY CHANGED BY THAT.
MY SPECIALTY IS DEALING WITH SUPERHUMAN MENTICIDE.
CASES LIKE JACK MONROE AND RUTHERFORD WINNER.
CONTACT WITH SOMETHING REWROTE CAEDMON'S BRAIN, TURNING HIM FROM A DULLARD TO A POET.
I'M CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT CHANGES YOU'VE GONE THROUGH.
AND WHAT CHANGES YOU WILL GO THROUGH.

"A PREVIOUS DOCTOR OF MINE TOLD ME SOMETHING SIMILAR.
"BUT ONCE SHE BEGAN TRYING TO *KILL ME*, WE NEVER FOLLOWED UP ON IT."
"OF COURSE. ELISA WARSAME, THE DICTATOR'S DAUGHTER.
"IS THAT GOING TO CAUSE AN ISSUE OF TRUST IN OUR RELATIONSHIP?"
"I DON'T *BELIEVE* SO.
"I'VE SPENT MY LIFE IN DANGEROUS PLACES, DANGEROUS SITUATIONS. MY PARANOIA HAS BEEN CAREFULLY CULTIVATED INTO A KEENLY HONED TOOL.

"BUT I CAN'T GO ON SEEING ENEMIES BEHIND EVERY DRAWN CURTAIN.
"THAT'S NO WAY TO LIVE."
WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. I'M MR. KNIGHT. HOW CAN I HELP.
HAR HAR. HERE YOU GO.
I THOUGHT I HAD TO GET MY OWN COFFEE?
I BOUGHT IT FOR MYSELF BEFORE I REMEMBERED THAT I DON'T DRINK COFFEE ANYMORE.
THANKS, REESE.
UGH, I'M GOING TO BE UP ALL DAY.
YOU KNOW WHY I LIKE YOU, REESE?
BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY PERSON YOU KNOW WHO'S BIOLOGICALLY COMPELLED TO KEEP THE SAME SCHEDULE YOU DO?
IT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T TRY TO FIX ME.

IT'S NOT EASY WHEN EVERYONE THINKS YOU'RE CRAZY.
IT'S EVEN HARDER WHEN THEY'RE *RIGHT.*

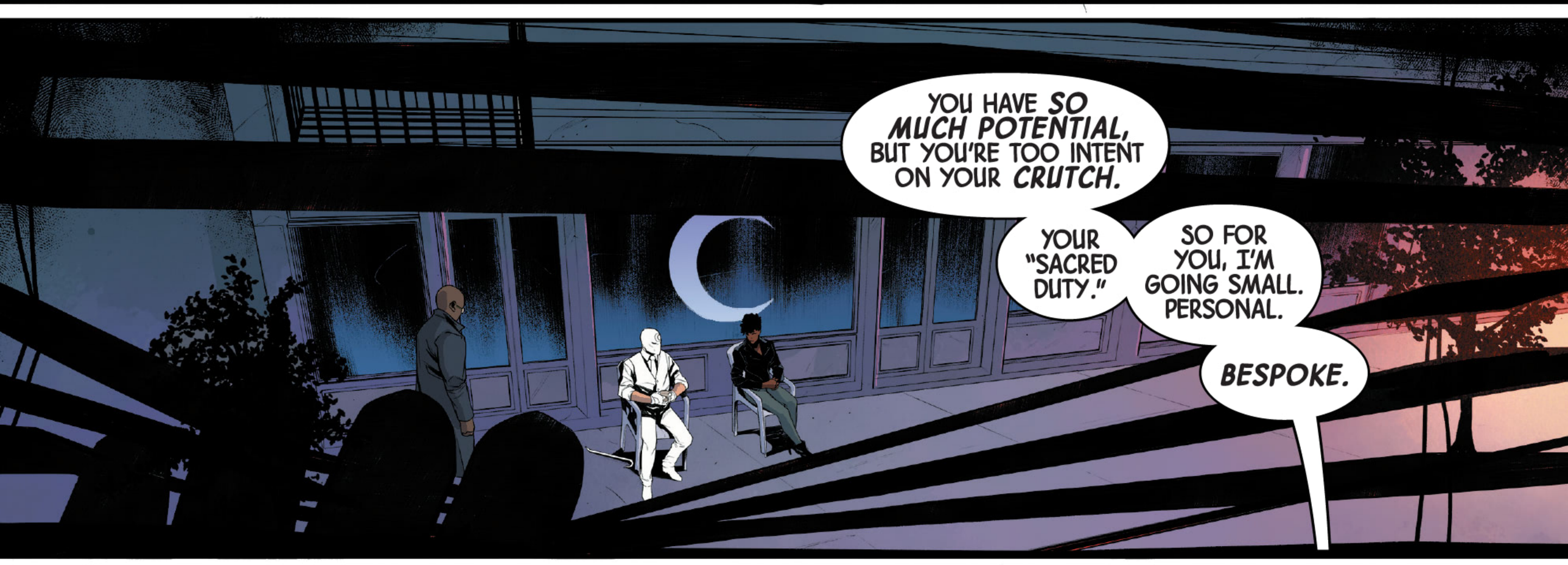
BUT I HAVE A *JOB* TO DO. IT'S THE REASON I'VE COME BACK FROM THE DEAD. OVER AND OVER.

I'M THE PRIEST OF KHONSHU.
I PROTECT THOSE WHO TRAVEL AT NIGHT.

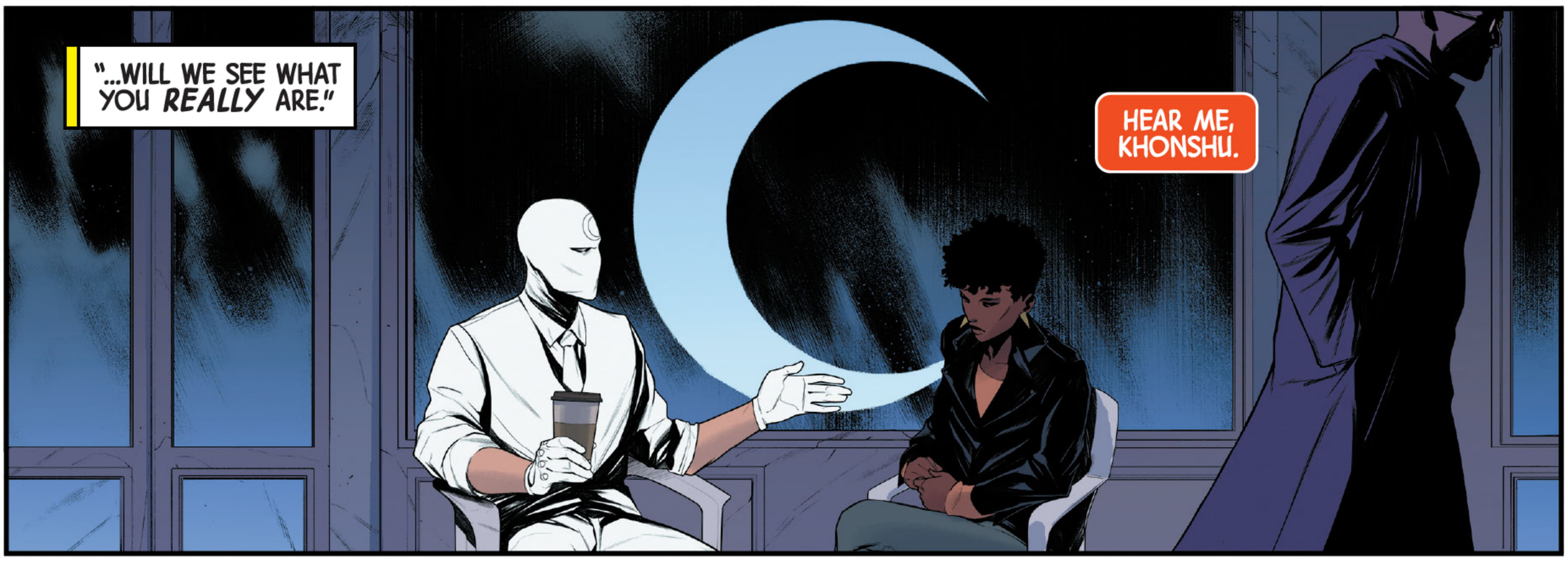
DAILY BUGLE
M.Spector
S.Grant
IT'S MY SACRED DUTY.
M.K.
Mr.Knight
"SACRED DUTY."
LISTEN TO THIS GUY.
30 ON DUTY
J.Lockley
YOU MAKE ME *SICK,* MOON KNIGHT.
OR MR. KNIGHT. OR JAKE LOCKLEY. OR STEVEN GRANT.

OR MARC SPECTOR.
YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT I'VE MADE A *PROJECT* OF YOU, PAL.

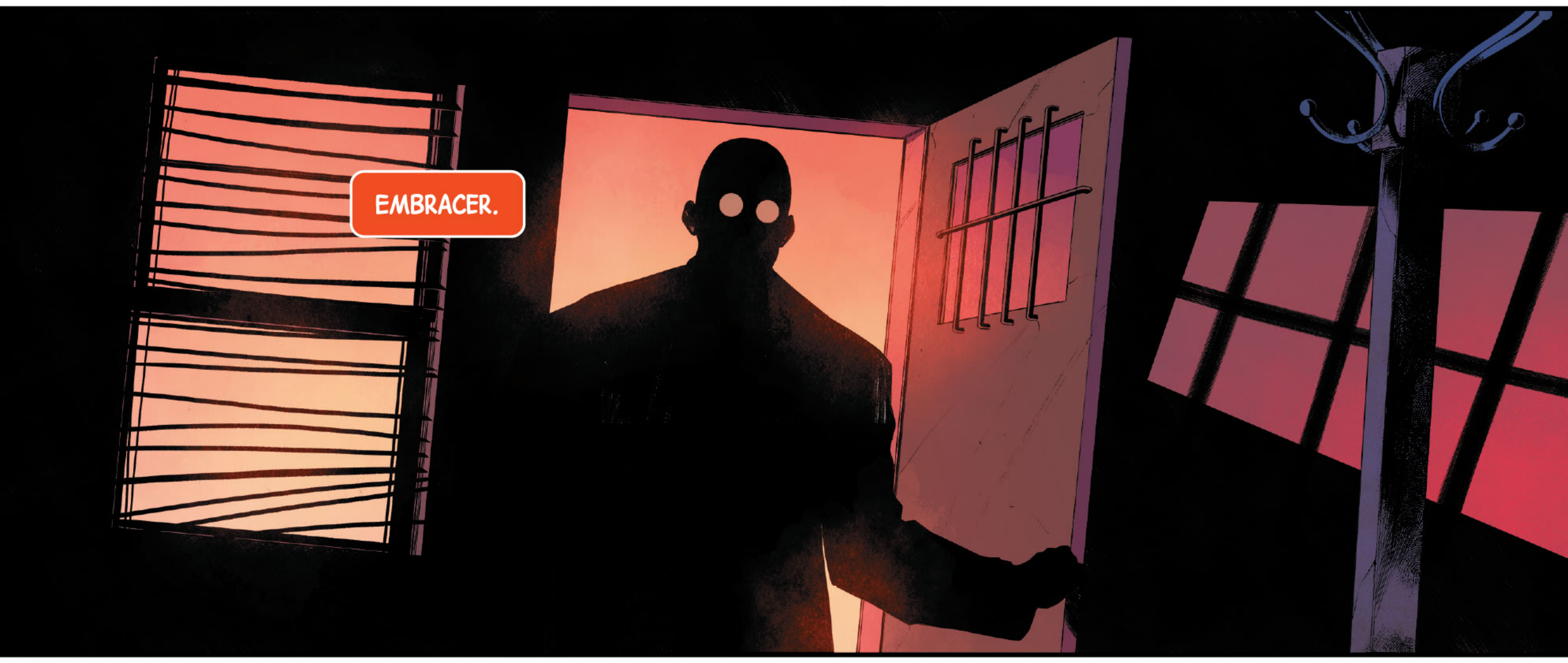
NOW, NORMALLY, MY STATEMENTS ARE *BIG.*
LOTS OF FLASH. LOTS OF PIZZAZZ. LOTS OF *BODIES.*
BUT YOU *OFFEND ME.* YOU OFFEND ME WITH EVERYTHING YOU *STAND* FOR.


YOU HAVE *SO MUCH POTENTIAL,* BUT YOU'RE TOO INTENT ON YOUR *CRUTCH.*
YOUR "SACRED DUTY."
SO FOR YOU, I'M GOING SMALL. PERSONAL.
BESPOKE.

I'M GOING TO *BREAK YOUR FAITH,* MOON KNIGHT.
I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU THAT THE ONLY THING WORTH BELIEVING IN IS *NOTHING.*
AND ONLY *THEN,* WITH ALL THE PRECIOUS LIES YOU'VE TOLD YOURSELF BURNED TO ASH...


"...WILL WE SEE WHAT YOU *REALLY* ARE."
HEAR ME, KHONSHU.

GREATEST GOD OF THE GREAT GODS.
YOU WHO ARE CALLED TRAVELER.


EMBRACER.

PATHFINDER.

DEFENDER.
YOUR FIST HAS ERRED. HE HAS STRAYED FROM YOUR PURPOSE.
MOON KNIGHT REQUIRES CORRECTION.
BUT I KEEP THE FAITH. I ENACT YOUR WILL. I CARRY OUT YOUR DUTY.

YOUR RIGHT HAND HAS FAILED YOU. BUT YOUR LEFT HAS NOT.
YOUR OTHER FIST REMAINS FAITHFUL.
YOUR HUNTER'S MOON.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT:

MOON KNIGHT

#2